She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemporally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, and old men dote,
How loue is wiſe in folly, fooliſh wittie:
Her heauie antheme ſtill concludes in wo,
And ſtill the quier of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſd themſelues, others they thinke delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds reſembling paraſits?
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euerie call
Soothing the humour of fantaſtique wits,
She ſaies tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That Cedar tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare God, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp, & ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſucket an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twind about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his waie,
The feare wherof doth make him ſhake, & ſhudder,
Euen ſo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.